

The history

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed tis but a scar to scorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne.

Alarm.

Aene. Harke what good sport is out of towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the sport abroad are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift hast.

Troy. Come goe wee then together.

Excunt.

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cres. And whether goe they?

Man. Vp to the Easterne tower,
Whose hight commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell: *Hector* whose patience,
Is as a vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
Hee chid *Andromache* and strooke his armor,
And like as there were husbandry in warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,
And to the field goes he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forsaue,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger.

Man. The noise goes this, there is amonge the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian bloud, Nephew to *Hector*,

They call him *Ajax*.

Cres. Good; and what of him.

Man. They say hee is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

Cres. So do all men vnlesse the are dronke, sicke, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions, hee is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slowe as the Elephant: a man into whome nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any mā an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. Hee is melancholy without cause and merry against the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands, & no vse; or purblind *Argus*, al eyes, and no sight.

of Troylus and Cressida.

Cres. But how should this man that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry.

Man. They say hee yesterday cop't *Hector* in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdain and shame whereof hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here.

Man. Maddam your vncl *Pandarus*.

Cres. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pand. Whats that? whats that?

Cres. Good morrow vncl *Pandarus*.

Pand. Good morrow cozen *Cressid*: what doe you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how doe you cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cres. This morning vncl.

Pand. What were you talking of when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium, *Hellen* was not vp was she?

Cres. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pand. E'ene so, *Hector* was stirring early.

Cres. That were wee talking of, and of his anger.

Pand. Was he angry?

Cres. So he saies here.

Pand. True hee was so; I know the cause to, heele lay about him to day I can tel them that, & ther's *Troylus* wil not come farie behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What is he angry too?

Pand. Who *Troylus*? *Troylus* is the better man of the two:

Cres. Oh *Iupiter* ther's no comparison.

Pand. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. I, if I euer saw him before and knew him:

Pand. Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*:

Cres. Then you say as I say, for I am sure hee is not *Hector*.

Pand. No nor *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.

Cres. Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

Pand. Himselfe, alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pand. Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not *Hector*.

Pand. Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe.